

A chicly chapeau'd  
"hashette's" pins forbid  
whining, announce their  
owner as a "Psycho bitch from  
hell" and warn, "Life's a bitch,  
and so am I."



Hashers love  
to take the  
scenic route.



edriver and  
given—the  
allblazin' twosome.

## HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

# A Drinking Club

# with a Running Problem

BY KEN MCALPINE



No one said it

What an  
honor! The  
winners  
chug-a-lug  
beer out of  
the business  
end of a

# LONDON HASH NEWS

## Top Gear

The **Hash Clothing Auction/Sale** after the London H3 run on February 23rd at Wood Green raised £63 for the British Wheelchair Sports Foundation. Not all items found buyers - they may make a re-appearance later in the year, but if you want to have a look at them, or have any items to donate, see Jane Ackroyd.

## On-tente Cordiale

I hear the coach to Paris is now fully booked. If you need a place check with Contact Hooray Henry or Pooh Hole as soon as possible. Remember that if you are on the coach, **you still have to register with Paris Hash** for the event.

## Hot Gossip?

There's been a bit of whinging about the gossip pages of On Paper recently. Yes, apparently some people think I actually churn out the stuff myself. Admittedly it has not been the most punctual article in the magazine, partly because I lost some of it for a while and partly because it keeps just missing my copy date. But as it's a struggle to get write-ups from you lot, I have to fill up the pages with something. Especially I as never get any write-ups from West London runs.

## Back Issues

If you have any back issues on On Paper that you no longer want, please pass them on to me. I have recently had requests for the January and February issues from people who missed them.

## Hasher's Charter

Well everyone else seems to have one. I think the R.A. should refund 5% of the subscription for each wet run. And the hare should buy a round if he or she fails to score a certain threshold value of customer satisfaction - say 10% (I can't imagine any hare scoring more than 20%!)

## Are You (Marath)On ?

Next month some idiot friends of ours (plus more from Cambridge H3) will be doing the London Marathon (or do we call it Snickers now?). Listen out for news of a Hash Beer Check on the course where you can come and cheer (or jeer) your heroes, assuming they make it that far. To be followed by a post-marathon party somewhere. Keep your cars open in coming weeks.

The beer check will probably be somewhere close to last year's site, 15 mins from Tower Hill tube. Last year Spunky was stopped by the police whilst laying a trail from the station. He was released when he claimed he was marking the route for a brass band!

## Whatsisname?

One thing that American hashes do better than us (perhaps the only thing) is awarding hashnames. Some of them have a mandatory christening on the victim's third run. While the unfortunate is called into the circle, the 'naming committee' gather out of earshot and think up ideas based on his or her name/profession/shape/proclivities, and then they return to the circle and offer them for a vote.

One of our number, a committee member no less, has been lacking a name for quite while now, specifically Andy Hamlett, one of the Hash Cashes. His name must offer some possibilities so if you have a good (i.e. bad) suggestion, have a word in the ear of an RA (if you can find one).

If you think anyone else has been hiding behind their real name for too long, feel free to shop them to an RA.

## Notice to Hares

Sometimes we have to fork out hard-earned hash funds for down-downs when it can often be avoided with a bit of preparation by the hare. You should drop into your selected pub a week or two before the run and speak to the manager, explaining that you are planning to bring forty (or whatever) runners into the pub. Then mention that we always to award pints to a few sinners - and pop the question. It might be worth finding out if the manager will be on duty on the day of the run - as junior staff often claim they have no authority to issue free pints.

## Notice to Religious Advisers

Candidates for adulterated down-downs (for not giving me promised run write-ups):

Level 1: (Chicken soup)

Noddy, South Ken (WLH3), Jan 30

Strewh!, Sloane Square (WLH3), Jan 23

Level 2: (Vegetable soup with cloves)

John Osmond, Uxbridge, Dec 8

Tricky Dicky, Hampstead, Dec 14

## Thank You

Contributions (keep them coming) this month from: Hooray Henry, Harold, Periodical, Stranger, Robocop, Woody Allen, and the Hash Gossip.

Thanks as usual to Kaffir for photo-copying assistance. Can anyone else help with copying? Please let me know.

For future issues I need articles, photos, cartoons, poems, news of hash events. **Preferably hash-related**, or hash-adapted. Bring a camera occasionally and take some snaps. Send to:

Andy Millard ("Hedgehog"), 52B Russell Road, Wimbledon, London, SW19 1QL

25-JAN-92

Wot with BR having phucked up the best laid plans of mice and hashers a seedy and select few succeeded in turning to for the olifactory experience of the year. The mainline was shut and the buses did their best to make the trains look reliable; as we were a bit down on numbers it were generally agreed by Nick the Geek and nobody else to wait a quarter hour or sew for the laggards who hadn't already made straight for the pub. A few words from our leider - for one with SFA to say he took phucken ages to say it - welcome back to Yorkie and Robocop - the latter from poncing around Africa - had anyone noticed his absence? - then it were duly ON-ON wif feet thundering and nostrils flaring etc etc until the trail were lost a hundred or sew yards on. Soon found quick opening loop within a quickspits distance of the Nautical types museum to the first major czeck right by the watering hole where hashers were destined to finish. The obvious option - foreshore to Cutty Sark turned out false and mild confusion started to give way to alarm and despondency until some bright spark (thinks it were the hairy git with the treadly) - figured this was indeed a cunning backczeck. The riverbank was right but direction wrong - so into the gathering gloom plunged a small horde to scare six shades of shite out of some mongrel - his dog didn't see the funny side either.

Various loops and false trails were soon seen through as the riverside amble continued. Good false trail had the pack doubling back thru dog shit alley - fair groaning in turd that one. Thence on to the gas works - or wotever it was. Sulphurous fumes, car fumes, monoxide and dog shit combined to inspire a new Hash name for the Hare - going for subtlety, "stinks like shit" were about the most popular option at this stage of the proceedings. Fairly major check in vicinity of the gas works held the pack up a while - it had stretched a bit by this stage - false trail towards Blackwall tunnel allowed the stragglers to turn to - then On back - across footbridge where the pace picked up a bit around various streets in places industrial - someplace in vicinity of Greenwich marshes (possibly). Places industrial gave way to places residential but the but things didn't get much better. Check in the vicinity of Woolwich road then the run more or less fell apart as a large proportion of the pack sensed the proximty of home, if not of the home trail. First SCBees were safely back within the hour with stragglers and the honest ones lasting a half-hour or so longer.

On back at the rowing club - cheap piss and bacon sandwiches made an impression on the small horde. Periodical stopping in on a flying visit between Scandi and San Francisco duly presented various reprobates with their desserts whether just of not. Visitors were a chap from bullet headed kraut land (not sure if he was a virgin as well) and the "Headless Mullet" from TNT H3. Worm and Rambo copped down-downs as usual as did Robocop to welcome the barstid back for some reason. The n there was the hare - yet' another hash christening "Smelly Beaver" - on the basis of the evenings performance. See how long that sticks - or stinks.

# From the Papers

A selection from the national press

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

'We thank God for a Christian judge.  
It was a right and just sentence'

## Religious belief saves banker from prison



Police have issued this photofit (left) of a boy wanted in connection with alleged under-aged drinking



Wednesday 12 February 1992



THE INDEPENDENT

## Orgasms put observers to sleep

DR MARILYN FITHIAN has watched more than 750 people having sexual intercourse or masturbating. Some couples have even driven more than 100 miles for the privilege of performing in front of her and a colleague, Dr William Hartman.

The two researchers built a laboratory and installed one-way mirrors at the Center for Marital and Sexual Studies, located, perhaps inevitably, in California.

Performing before the doctors seems to have an extraordinary effect on some participants.

Dr Hartman told the meeting how one "research subject" had had 16 orgasms in one session, while another had had 134. The top scorer was a woman, while the highest scoring man managed "only" 16.

In a session devoted to the problems of those engaged on sexual research, Dr Hartman explained the difficulties of measuring multiple orgasms. The researchers provided the "research subjects" with a button to press but, during orgasm, their devotion to the cause of research tended to waver and they often forgot to press the button.

A more traditional measurement methodology was adopted: Dr Hartman told them to shout at the appropriate moments.

The researchers claimed that such studies of human sexuality were important, given the prevalence of Aids and sexually transmitted diseases. Although their work was privately funded, prudence among Congressmen had led to cutbacks in related research,

including surveys of the sexual behaviour of the general populace. Such knowledge was needed if the spread of Aids was to be halted, they said.

Dr Fithian and Dr Hartman were at pains to assure the meeting that sex research was dull.

"Watching someone masturbating or a couple in coitus hour after hour is boring. In our experience, observations were rarely arousing." They said their note-taking slipped from time to time as they "struggled to stay awake".

However, they overcame the tedium to spend 10,000 hours at their laboratory in Long Beach, hooking people up to blood-pressure and heart-rate monitors and putting other sensors into vaginas and anuses before sitting by the bedside to take copious notes as

the "research subjects" busied themselves. They started observations in the late 1960s. "The first couple we approached asking if we could observe them in coitus were met during nudist research," Dr Hartman said. They were professional people "involved in swinging".

After the third day of observations, the couple suggested it would be better if the researchers wore laboratory coats. They also put mirrors on their bedroom ceiling and walls so the doctors could get a better view without having to leave their seats.

Since then, a church minister and a missionary have been among their unpaid volunteers.

Sadly, the doctors did not reveal to the meeting which position the missionary had used.



## London H3 Run #906

- Bromley-by-Bow -

2nd February 1992

A surprisingly large and motley crew gathered on this cold and frosty morning in the vestibule of this dilapidated tube stop. Nick the Greek welcomed us with a Greek joke that no-one understood, followed by a pre-run down-down for some sad mis-management member that had suggested pre-run down-downs at the last committee meeting for new boots and virgins. [Ed. Not strictly correct as it was Hooray Henry, and though in some peoples opinion he may be a "member", he is not on the mis-management.] Prior to our sloth-like departure we were warned by our fearless leader of the dire consequences of plodding solo in this vicinity as the natives were thought to be restless, or at least own Pit Bulls with sharpened fangs.

We trolled off south and headed right past some condemned warehouses into a housing estate, where some useful checking kept the pack annealed and guessing. Circling north of the tube stop, we crossed the main drag passing a disused oast house and on into a large muddy field where Hedgehog conned me into composing this drivel. The faint, remnant odours of the drying hops [Ed. or it could have been Garbage] were perceptible downwind of the oast house on the subtle, crisp morning breezes. As we proceeded eastward these appreciated odours were masked by the stench of the Northern Outfall, one of the world's more prestigious sewers. Following an obstacle course in and around this renowned sewer and some slimy canals we somehow ended back at the oast house and plodded home to the tube stop.

The On-In was at the Beehive Pub. Probably one of the better On-Ins I have attended. The landlord plied us with a broad selection of free goodies that included prawns, pickled herring and cheeses [Ed. Not to mention the shrimps, sausages, chicken, New Zealand mussels etc.] Unfortunately we had to wait in the cold for the hares to return from some place unknown to slug their down-downs. A good run except for the sewer. We would like to take this opportunity to thank the local residents for keeping their Pit Bulls at home in this occasion.

Stranger

### LIMERICK CORNER

**Robocop** shouts loudest on trail,  
Looking for people to jail  
If he calls you up,  
Your down-down to sup,  
You'd better or bang goes your bail

## ODE TO FREDDIE MERCURY

(Bum-me-a-man Rhapsodomy)

Is this the real life. Is this just fantasy  
Caught with my pants down. And a dick up inside of me  
Open your thighs  
Then play with my flies and see  
I'm just a small boy. I wear girls panties  
And will I ease it in. ease it out  
I won't stop. till you shout  
Put it where the wind blows  
Anyway's alright by me, by me.

Mama, just killed a man  
I was giving him some head  
Gave him Aids and now he's dead  
Mama, I'd not even come  
But now I've gone and blown them all away  
Mama. ooh ooh ooh ooh didn't mean to make you cry  
If I've not cum again this time tomorrow  
Carry on, carry on till my arse is really shattered

Too late, you've had my bum  
Sent shivers down my spine  
Bottom's aching all the time  
Goodbye everybody. I've got Aids you know  
I was taken from behind, it sent me blind  
Mama, ooh ooh ooh ooh, I don't wanna die  
I sometimes wish I'd never been blown at all

I see a little silhouette of a man  
Have a go, have a go, you can have a gang bango  
Thunderbolt and lightning you can stick it tight in me

Gay ayao, gay ayao  
Gay ayao, gay ayao  
Magnifico-o-o-o-o-o

I'm just a rent boy, nobody pays me  
He's just a gay boy from a gay family  
I don't really mind who sticks their willie in me  
Easy suck, easy blow, let me have a go  
Sishmillah No, We will not let you blow  
Let me blow, Sishmillah, we will not let you blow  
(repeat twice)

Will not, will not let you blow  
Never, will not let you blow  
Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh  
No No No No No No No  
Oh Mama Mia, Mama Mia, Mama Mia let me blow  
Snelzebub, has the devil put a rubber on me, on meeee, on meeee

So you think you can leave me and fuck up my life  
If you do I will run and tell this to your wife  
Oh babies, I just wanna have your babies  
Just gotta getit out, just gotta jetit right in your ear

Nothing really matters, anyone can go  
My arse is in tatters, my arse is in tatters for free  
Take me where the dead go



## London H3 - Windsor Run - 9th February 1992



A total cock-up, at least that was how it started. The run sheet said 11:15am at Windsor Central Station, so an 11:15am start from Windsor Central Station it should have been. Instead it starts from Windsor Riverside Station. The organisers should have their bits cut off, we don't want them procreating (or having babies). This initial farce led to lengthy regroupings in order to let the numerous confused but technically correct latecomers catch up. Great if the weather is good but miserable when cold rain is spitting down and a bitter wind is whistling across the open Windsor prairies.

In fact I arrived at Windsor Central to meet a fuming Pope and a phlegmatic Alison (you would have to be phlegmatic to live with Pope) and if he had half a chance the hares would have been excommunicated and burnt at the stake. Janette Double O Bond was idly looking around the Windsor landscape and asked where the Castle was. Pope being ever so helpful said "It's that big building on the hill, you wally". Secret agents don't need good eyesight, just big guns.

The run itself took us past Eton College, a minor public school where various maladministrators and

incompetent civil servants at one stage learn to hold a knife and fork. In an effort to find someone more appealing than Phuquem, Spreadsheet was seen to stick her head through the gate. Greniaaaaaaa..... (our excellent haberdasher whose name I can never spell) followed this up by offering to sell the boys some shorts, so long as she fitted them.

We tramped across cold forbidding parkland and down a cold forbidding road. It would probably have been a nice run but it was so bloody cold and forbidding. Lots of cold wind and plenty of cold rain, Periodical wasn't there to control the weather. Eventually we reached the pub, The Oak, or Elm, or Castle, or some imaginative name which I didn't notice as I ran in to find a real fire.

Down downs were meted out with Henry beating the thick heads from Windsor Rugby Club by half a pint and half a ten pound note. One of the hares was a new runner and the other should have known better. Leniency reigned and his beer wasn't adulterated. I wanted to leave early but had trouble finding my warrant card. Those hash track bottoms have bloody small pockets, cut them off I say.

Robocop



### How "Nick The Greek" Got His Name

Boys, I was present when Nick the Greek got his name. There was a small-time gambler named Jake the Greek, and Nick called me and said, "Flo, I'd like to be The Greek". And I said, "I'm sorry Nick, you're not Greek. And under New York State gambling laws it's forbidden." And he said "I know, Flo, but my parents always wanted me to be called The Greek. You think you should arrange a lunch meeting with Jake?" I said "Sure, but if he knows what it's for he won't show." And Nick said, "Try, Flo, It would mean a lot to me."

So the two met at the Grill Room of Monty's steak House, which did not allow women but I could go there because Monty was a great friend of mine and didn't regard me as either male or female but, in his own words, "undefined protoplasm." We ordered the speciality of the house, ribs, which Monty had a way of preparing so they tasted like human fingers. Finally, Nick said "Jake, I'd like to be

called The Greek." And Jake turned pale and said, "Look Nick, if that's what you got me here for--".

Well boys, it got ugly. The two squared off. Then Nick said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll cut you. High card gets to be called The Greek."

"But what if I win?" Jake said. "I'm *already* called The Greek."

"If you win, Jake, you can go through the phone book and pick any name you like. My compliments."

"No kidding?"

"Flo's the witness."

Well, you could feel the tension in that room. A deck of cards was brought and they cut. Nick cut a queen, and Jake's hand was shaking. Then Jake cut an ace! Everybody let out a cheer, and Jake went through the phone book and selected the name Grover Lembeck. Everybody was happy, and from that day on women were allowed into Monty's provided they could read hieroglyphics.

(from *Without Feathers* by Woody Allen)

### February Blues ?

*IBM & Peacemakers' Greek meal was graced by a new game. Early Bird reckons there is a way to position a chair so that women can pick it while men cannot. The trials indicate Hash males are exceptional.*

*Who is so worried about her post X-mas figure she's resorted to the trendy toning tables ? WObBLe ?*

*Late Americas InterHash news; who was the LH3er seen chatting up Father Adrian in an attempt to register for the InterHash Dirt run ? Does his fiance know ? Were there others ?*

*Who cant go to InterHash in case "I'd be mistaken for a LBFM" ? aUSTRalasian THEN.*

*Inspector Beckley had a nasty few minutes in Windsor after the joint London/ Berkshire (sic) run trying to recover his warrant card, mislaid in the pub. Rumour has it loss would mean reduction to the ranks or worse.*

*While on the subject of Windsor, where were Berkshire H3 then Khaffir ? In Newbury maybe ? And who (GM Nick The Greek) arranges a curry for 1:30 when the pub is open to 3 - serving food. Also trying to serve food was Alan Miller; unfortunately he must have BO or something. Sunday lunch, as cooked by Pink Imp, was turned down by at least Ratshit & Wee Bev, Robocop & Sue, Rambo & Billy The Fish, Pope & McPiggy ....*

*More on meals; Khaffir celebrated his birthday with an Italian. But is he 26 or 36 (or 56 ?).*

*The rather good Essex 321 do attracted a few Londoners including Nightmare visiting again from Dublin. On the special menu to attract the pediaphiles (IBM judging by his behaviour with Peacemakers' young offspring recently) was "Young Boy Scout", who were doing the "Bangers & Mash" style catering. The new kids only (?) "Hash Horrors" might be of interest to the same crowd.*

*The first "Gisbert Memorial" run on the 10th February, "organised" by WLH3, was rather ineffectively cancelled at the last moment by the (non) hare Menstrual. Some forty people turned up anyway to be rescued from an evenings uninterrupted drinking by last moment live hare Bubbles.*

*The second "Gisbert Memorial" run the next day attracted a large turnout. London even managed to outnumber the Crap Hash, something of a rarity these days. Nick the Greek got things off to a moving start with a minutes (20 seconds ?) "silence", then the pack set off to follow Knickers trail. This was not so easy as she'd set it from a bike using a grand total of eight ounces of flour. A nice touch at the end was a beer stop in a park strewn with dogshit. And it cost a pound.*

*New master stroke from Garbage ! Convinced the pub is closed on a WLH3 run (why ?), he make a unilateral decision to substitute another name at the station. This little trick rather neatly divides the pack, & of course, car drivers from baggage owners.*

*Worm has lost one job & gained a replacement within a few days; the drawback it's in Scotland & a little to close to Suzie for his comfort ...*

*Overheard from Myrtle to a WL3 visitor "how many Hashs have you founded then ?". He is also the new IVC membership application vetter !*

*Unlucky Speedturd had his car broken into. Presumably this was due to Bubbles whose bag, alone on the back seat, was removed. Inside was a (borrowed ?) suit for a new job, rumoured to be his first as an "independant contractor".*

*Boy From Brazil has spent a good few minutes on tip toes ogling a strippergram recently. All the while muttering "God shes a slag" & quite ignoring Bostick who had driven down from the North to be reunited with him.*

### Romance

*Two AM is back from the Far East & Australasia ! It's going to take him another two weeks to get round to visting his nun Karin in Germany, last bonked in August, though. Still, as their relationship seems to work better the further they are apart, maybe thats a good thing.*

*Exish LH3er Anne Pickard is due to give birth very shortly. Father unknown.*

## You Think Hashing is Good For You?

Do you really think you can avoid all of these?

**Beer Drinker's Finger** - Swelling, bluish discolouration and maceration of a finger caused by placing pop-top beer can rings on the finger  
**Beer Potomania** - Dietary protein and sodium insufficiency from the consumption of large amounts of sodium- and protein-poor beer as a primary diet, resulting in agitation, confusion and seizures.  
**Bicycle Seat Hematuria, Cyclist's Palsy, Cyclist's Spine, Cyclist's Sore Throat** - Ask Menstrual  
**Bridegroom's Paralysis** - Radial paralysis caused by pressure of the partner's head on upper the forearm.  
**Camel Itch** - Ask Fart  
**Chopsticks Dysphagia** - Ask Stewth!  
**Coital Cephalgia** - A steadily increasing headache beginning at the time of arousal and believed due to muscular tension, and an explosive type headache precipitated by orgasm.  
**Dog Walker's Elbow** - Epicondylitis caused by constant tension from a dog leash. Ask Sue Farry.  
**Editor's Hazard, Typist's Cramp** - Ask Hedgehog  
**Exercise-Induced Asthma** - Shortness of breath and wheezing within five minutes of doing vigorous exercise.  
**Exertional Headache** - An acute headache of short duration brought on by physical activities.  
**Fencer's Pubalgia** - Strain of inner thigh muscles.  
**Genu Amoris** - Swelling and pain in the knee caused by having intercourse in an unusual position.  
**Guitarist's Groin, Guitar Nipple** - Ask The Terrorist  
**Holiday Depression** - Psychological stress during holidays possibly related to alcohol use and social pressures.  
**Holiday Heart Syndrome** - Irregular heart rhythms triggered by holiday 'spree' drinking.  
**Horn Blower's Disease** - Pulmonary emphysema linked to playing wind instruments  
**Jogger's Amenorrhea** - Menstrual disturbance noted in exercising women presumably due to an increased testosterone secretion.  
**Jogger's Bladder** - Asymptomatic bloodstained urine seen on the first micturition after running.  
**Jogger's Face** - Advanced aging of the face from jogging caused by soft tissue pull.  
**Jogger's Heel** - Pain over the heel pad from striking on non-resilient surfaces in jogging.  
**Jogger's Kidney** - Abnormal mobility of a kidney manifested by flank pain and tenderness while jogging.  
**Jogger's Nipples** - Nipple irritation among women joggers caused by shirt friction when brassiere not worn.  
**Jogger's Peteclae** - Small haemorrhages into the skin caused by trauma of jogging.  
**Jogger's Whiplash** - Neck pain with limitation of motion and severe muscle spasm produced by jarring while jogging.  
**Lover's Palsy** - Numbness of the hand and forearm from compression of the radial nerve at the arm level.  
**Marathon Runner's Pseudotorsion** - Swelling, edema and pain in the testicle from prolonged jogging without protective support.  
**Penile Frostbite** - Due to wind chill factor and insufficient protection whilst jogging.  
**Rower's Rump** - Ask Nice Beaver  
**Running Shoe Dermatitis** - Allergic contact dermatitis affecting athletes and caused by the rubber, adhesives or dyes used in shoes.  
**Scumpox** - Ask IBM  
**Tipper's Elbow** - An affliction of the elbow resulting from prolonged pressure on a saloon bar.  
**VWF (Vibration Induced Whitefinger)** - Blanching of the fingers with loss of sensation, pain and occasionally degenerative joint changes caused by the use of vibratory tools.  
**Zip Injury** - Injury to the penis from entrapment in a zip

On the positive side, you would be pretty unlikely to come across these

Bathtime Itch, Bible Printer's Disease, Bongo Drum Disease, Cellist's Scrotum, Citizen's Band Keratopathy, Fire Eater's Pneumonia, Grenade Thrower's Fracture, Label Licker's Tongue, Mummy Unwrapper's Lung, Nun's Knee, Satellite Sickness, Sprinter's Fracture, Wellie Thrower's Finger, Wrestler's Herpes

## City and County of San Francisco



## Department of Public Health

San Francisco General Hospital  
Medical Center

February 2, 1992

Ref: CH43/778T

Mr Rene Carotenuto,

I am delighted to inform you that the series of tests we have performed on your partner Ms. V. Slayer have proved positive. There is however one further formality that we have to deal with.

Although Ms Slayer has identified you as the father, I have to inform you that, somewhat unusually, two other individuals have approached us each claiming paternal responsibility for the pregnancy. Although their claims appear to have little foundation, under California state law we are required to biologically determine proof of parenthood in disputed cases. You are therefore instructed to present yourself for tests at this clinic within 21 days of the date above. Failure to do so is an offence and could lead to your arrest when you next attempt to enter the United States. Please call us to make an appointment as soon as possible.

As this will be your first venture into parenthood we would like to invite both you and Ms Slayer to attend pre-natal education classes held here at the Medical Center. It is important that the child is given the best possible start in life.

Yours,

Mrs Gina Kollojst  
(Senior Registrations Officer)



## LH3 Run #910 - Wood Green - 23rd February 1992

Where was **Strewth**! I wondered. After all she lives only five minutes walk from the station, and with Little Jon away in the Big Apple surely she had no excuse to stay in bed. It turns out that she was in Paris, la Grande Pomme, presumably hunting a Louis Quinze video cabinet to go with her chaise longue. Still, it meant that **2AM** could consume his pre-run Mars Bar in peace. Let's hope it will help him to work, after all the resting and playing he has done over the last year.

Amongst the visitors were some Muswell Hill Runners. Apparently the last one home on a M.H. run is forced to do a hash before being re-admitted to the club. We should have a complementary arrangement for our 'winner'. A rucksack also turned up, with Worm strapped on to the front.

The trail was a 'standard Ally Pally' set by **Garbage** - you know the sort of thing. Milling around all over the hill, with people wrongly guessing short cuts in all directions. We did once pause long enough for **Rambo** to read out one of the park's bye-laws. NO LYING ABOUT IN A FILTH OR VERMINOUS CONDITION, it read. I can only assume the park-keeper was snoozing when **Garbage** laid the trail. was spotted Coming out of the palace, where Refurbex '92 was being held, **Wardrobe** was spotted. That figures - it's a refurbishing and reconditioning exhibition. **Dipso** revealed that he could be in line for a foreign posting later this year to Hanoi ... couldn't happen to a nicer chap.

miss the run. Is his new attitude in any way connected with his forthcoming trial of athletic prowess, the King Street Run, sorry, I mean the London Marathon? I wanted to hear his views on the recent Yorkshire kidnap case. "The clever bugger deserved to get away with it." Hmmm, this man could go far in the police force, maybe even make head of West Midlands Serious Crime Squad. He confessed recently to a poor memory. Definitely headed for the West Midlands.

The crime theme continued back in the pub (The Nelson) where **The Terrorist** asked our views on the Renault 5. He opined they were convicted on the evidence of forged confessions. **Pope** turned religious adviser, then there was hash business to attend to back at Susan Jane's pad. Several sackloads of Hash T-shirts, sarongs, shorts, hats, sweat-bands, gloves were going for a song to raise money for the British Wheelchair Sports Foundation. **K.C.** appeared to have the fattest wallet - at least at the start of the proceedings. His bidding against Horse for a mangy old wristband would have done Sotheby's proud. It went for a tenner in the end, to **K.C.** Even **Passion** found something to fit her. The good news was that £63 was coughed up. The bad news is that some of the gear remains unsold, and will probably make a reappearance in the future. **Thunderthighs** added to the atmosphere with platefuls of garlic bread.

Hedgehog

**Robocop** was in the pack again. In fact he is becoming quite a regular. Remember how he used to turn up regularly five minutes late, hoping to

PS The spellchecker objected to Dipso and suggested Topsy instead. What can I say?





Gotta tote that flour and lay that trail.

## HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

As befits the hash, I'll start by saying that what follows is absolute fact: could be true in part; or, more likely, is pure bunk. Since their sole intention is to mislead, hashers have never put much stock in fact. Why should I? If you want facts, watch "Jeopardy."

To prevent this story from wobbling completely off its axis, a few truths should be passed along. The Hash House Harriers claim to be the largest running organization in the world and, given their erratic habits and dispositions, I won't argue with them. Hash has a storied history, dating back to times no one cares about and coalescing in 1938, when Albert Stephen Gispert organized what's now recognized as the first hash at a British outpost in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.

Gispert was described by friends as a "short, stout, rubicund fellow with a keen wit." He was *not* described as an athlete. Requirements for Hash House membership haven't changed; neither has the hash format. Hashers follow a trail laid by members who are dubbed "hares." They deposit droppings—paper, flour, chalk marks, foot powder—to mark the trail, making it as confusing as possible. Trailing runners ardently pursue the droppings in a confused fashion, and the trail ends with a keg of beer and even more confusion. Hash runs can take place anywhere, and that's a large part of their allure. On the last weekend of September '91, I drove to Long Beach, CA, to run a hash. I did so voluntarily. There was money involved. Believe what you want.

That's how I find myself standing next to Wombat, who is standing at the mouth of a sewer drain somewhere in the urban stench of Long Beach. The things being disgorged from the sewer drain defy description; Wombat has just run through them. His feet smell. He's lost. He's far from home. A pleasanter set of circumstances is hard to imagine. Wombat beams. "Good shiggy, eh?" he says, gazing

lovingly back into the tunnel from whence we came. "Shiggy" is a hash term that refers to any liquid or solid that looks bad, smells worse and impedes forward progress. Sane people—labeled "poofers" by hashers—avoid such gleck, thus, drastically reducing the chances of ruining their shoes and the possibility of contracting boils, lesions and nausea. Several Long Beach hashers once ran through a toxic dump in Philadelphia. Several days later, odd bumps appeared on their legs. A true hasher views shiggy with unrestrained relish.

Wombat is a true hasher: I know this because he told me so. "A true hasher," bespoke Wombat as we ran casually into oncoming traffic. "runs with his head, not with his feet. Hashing is a thinking man's game." I like this logic for two reasons: one. I am *not* a fast runner; two. my feet are already covered with gelatinous goo.

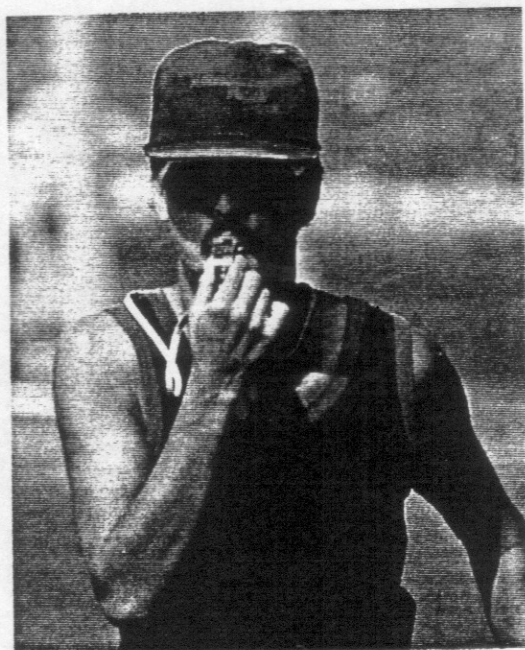
I like Wombat for simpler reasons. He's Australian, and I've yet to meet an Australian I didn't like. Back home in Queensland, Wombat sells carpet and vinyl, but he's currently touring the world, hashing. He never tells me his *real* name, and I never ask. In my defense, this isn't shoddy journalism. All hashers have nicknames awarded them by fellow hashers who've hit on some personal quirk, embarrassing circumstance or nothing at all. It's not uncommon for two hashers who have run together for months to know each other only as "Scumhead" and "Captain Naked."

Whoever Wombat is, he's not given to rushing. He and I stand stock still as a dozen runners slog from the sewage tunnel and burst into the sunlight, scattering bits of yuck in all directions and crying, "On, on"—the hash cry signifying that they're on the trail, which, in moments, they're *not*. Wombat watches them pass. Eventually, he hitches up his shorts and we give chase—which is to say we proceed after them at a leisurely trot. Wombat doesn't believe in wasting energy. Judging from his waistline, he's quite successful.

"Always put 10 or 15 hashers in front of you," he says, striding up an embankment.

The brilliance of Wombat's reasoning quickly becomes evident. We catch the leaders within minutes. Having lost the trail, they're milling about in a bamboo thicket like drunks who've just stepped off a merry-go-round. "Waste not, want not," says Wombat, who promptly begins to sniff about for signs of the flour that marks the trail.

Today's run is the 360th for the Long Beach Hash House Harriers. Hashers might sound like people who



He's just a wild an' whistlin' guy! Tuna Taco took the top men's spot.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BUDD SYMES





With suitable solemnity, runners perform a hallowed hasher ritual—the down-down.

aren't much for counting or records, but that's not the case. The Long Beach Hashers have a board of officers, plus an official newsletter that's mailed, weekly, to 200 members whose existence is logged by computer. In keeping with tradition, these missives are addressed to the "Hasher in residence"—a dicey skate on legality's edge, given the colorful names of some members. "Nobody in the Post Office seems to mind," shrugs one hasher.

The Long Beach Hashers are also punctual. Today's run is scheduled to start at 10 a.m. By 9:30, the parking lot is brimming with hashers and excitement—and the keg is tapped. Ten minutes before a burst of whistles signals the start, I'm dragged in front of the crowd and introduced to a touching chorus of slander punctuated by shouts of "Who cares?". I'm asked to do a "down-down"—a hash expression for doing exactly that, as expeditiously as possible, with some form of liquid. I choose beer because that's what's handed to me. Though the hash is soundly rooted in drink, beer swilling isn't required. Soda and water are often offered as options, and some even choose it. Teetotalers aren't derided, possibly because it means more beer for

**"As a 'virgin'—an unsoiled poofter who has yet to slog his first shiggy—I need to know a few things."**

the rest of them.

Following my introduction, Fruit of the Loom pulls me aside for a brief primer. As a "virgin"—an unsoiled poofter who has yet to slog his first shiggy—I need to know a few things. He's a distinguished-looking fellow who could be a congressman, except for his garish floral shorts and his to-the-point manner. He gives me the basics. Today's run will take about an hour. If I don't get lost, I'll be following a flour trail. The trail will be difficult to follow. Assuming I'm not stupid enough to dash to the front, I'll also be following a considerable number of runners, and that should make my job easier.

I like Fruit; but, like any wise virgin, I don't tell him everything. Like most virgins, I have a secret: I'm not. Once, 10 years ago, I ran a hash in Indonesia. We—I and a troopship's worth of Australians—ran through rice paddies in the pouring rain. The trail was marked with bits of paper, most of which washed away in a sea of mud before we could find them. This didn't faze the Aussies, who crashed through the paddies—mobile mud globs hot on the scent. After the run, we stood around a keg in the dark buzzing

# HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

jungle, singing songs and drinking beer. The Aussies took much pleasure in dragging me up front and requesting a song, and the only song I could remember was, "America the Beautiful." Each time, the Aussies would drag me up and demand a new song; each time, I'd sing "America the Beautiful." Each time, my myopia was rewarded with a down-down. This vicious circle ended about midnight, someone depositing me in the back of a car and murmuring "Good on ya, mate." I burst into song.

If all this seems rather hedonistic, it is. The written rules of hash—penned, fittingly enough, 12 years after it came into existence—give requisite mention to fitness then go on to laud hashing's regenerative powers, through "acquiring a good thirst and satisfying it in beer." Questions about hash priorities were neatly addressed at a 1986 global gathering in Thailand, where 2,000 hashers consumed 4,000 gallons of beer. By and large, training is frowned on. Apparently, there may be at least one influential member with strong feelings on the subject. Several years ago, a group of Aussie hashers was struck by lightning while training on a track outside Perth. "One chap standing on the verandah nearby saw 10 of us suddenly jump up into the air," reported Colin Carpenter, of the impromptu fricassee. Colin escaped with burns on his chest and ankles. Hashers aren't exactly sure of their place in the running world, though one Long Beach hasher is willing to take a guess: "I always thought real runners saw us as a boil on their butt," he says.

Stamina isn't a must, but speed is definitely an asset. The Long Beach Hash has dashed through hairdressing parlors, shopping malls and the Los Angeles Marathon Expo. Hashers in Texas dashed through a papal assembly. Jock, one of the founding members of the Long Beach Hash, once ran through a funeral dressed as a large rabbit. Wherever the dash, one thought must be kept uppermost: "You've got to blitz it," says Wild Bill. "You don't want to be the last person through."

Unquestionably, some hashers are bona fide athletes and have accomplished much. Among them is Graham Douglas, who trekked the Himalayas numerous times without mishap, then suffered multiple fractures in his wrist and elbow when he fell through the roof of his home. Some hashers can even *run*. A hyperkinetic fellow with a spry moustache and manner, Wild Bill has run a 2:58 marathon. He would probably have cracked that time on another occasion, if he hadn't stopped for beer at 20 miles. He'll display this speed later in today's hash, performing some nifty fartlek work across four lanes of fast moving traffic. After that, he'll turn to me and say, "We try to discourage things that are really, overtly stupid." Pause. "Well, some things."

At the moment, though, no one is dashing anywhere. Wombat, Wild Bill, On Call and a dozen other hashers are poking about in thick brush looking for signs of a trail that has abruptly vanished. Several dispense with the search, crash through the shrubbery and out onto an adjacent golf course. I stay put. Taking short cuts is an honored hash tradition, but it often leads to another honored tradition—getting lost. Hashers routinely go astray, sometimes in grand fashion. Once, an entire club got lost in the Malayan jungle. When word eventually reached the wife of one of them, she was sick with worry: "Well it serves the stupid

◆  
"Taking short cuts is an honored hash tradition, but it often leads to another honored tradition—getting lost."  
◆

old bastard right," she said.

I may be a semi-virgin hasher, and thus ill-informed in most matters, but as a Southern Californian, I know one thing: getting lost in Long Beach, where certain neighborhoods make the Hell's Angels look like the Welcome Wagon, isn't a good idea. "Say, Hi! Could you tell me where I am? Maybe scratch the directions in my chest with that knife?" I'm also told that going onto the golf course could be equally dangerous. Golfers are peevish folk; *real* poofters—plus, it's difficult to outrun a golf ball.

Eventually, someone finds what we need: an almost indistinguishable blotch of flour on a rotted log. Our group charges off again. The trail skirts the golf course, crosses several streets, cuts through an industrial lot, then drops down a short incline to parallel an enormous storm drain. At the moment, the drain is empty. This disappoints Wild Bill. If it weren't, we'd probably be wading in it. He cheers up when the trail points to the mouth of yet another disgustingly smelly culvert. I hesitate at the entrance. A pert-looking woman in her forties brushes past and ducks into the dark. "I hope you didn't bring new shoes," she says. Later, she'll introduce herself as "Ménage a Toe." Don't ask.

Yes, there are women. Hashing was once an all-male pursuit; in some places, it still is; but, for the most part, women are now as much a part of the hash as shiggy. (I imply no direct parallel.) Plenty of women belong to the Long Beach Hash, and they aren't the least bit prissy. At one point during the run, I'm running with Ménage a Toe. We're trotting down a dirt path lined with the remains of city buses. Looking about, she declares this a perfect place for a keg stop. "Would we *have* to chug?" I ask. She looks at me, puzzled. "You don't *have* to," she says. "You *get* to."

Women can also come in handy. Long Beach's Grand Mistress, a sort of club president, is a pretty woman called "On Call." Having a sweet demeanor, On Call also does most of the talking when the Long Beach Hashers run afoul of the law. Hashers don't make a concerted effort to break the law, but, by definition, they aren't poofters either.

I run the last part of the hash with On Call and a half dozen others. We exit a storm drain, climb a fence, cross a final street and trot around the back of a Kmart. No one uncorks a finishing sprint. Someone has uncorked the beer. The two hashers who finish first are asked to drink beer from the business end of a rubber chicken. "We discourage competition," explains Wild Bill. Wombat doffs his hat during the proceedings. "Out of respect, mate," he says.

Wombat leaves tomorrow for Hong Kong, where he'll hash before he returns to carpet selling in Queensland. The rigors of the morning have taken their toll. Wombat's eyes have become quite small and his speech comes in short, dozy bursts. True hasher that he is, he wants to get in a final word. Hashing is wonderful, and because it's wonderful, it has grown quite big. Why, at the 1988 global gathering in Bali, Indonesia, 86 countries were represented. "Only 97 countries," says Wombat, "were at the Seoul Olympics." He nods. "Yup. Very popular." He climbs into a waiting van. He pokes his head out and has one final admonition.

"Never trust the facts, mate."

R



# Hash Trash

## MISMANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

Joint Masters	Wolfgang Gust	H: 49 61 83	W: 83 40 06
	Knut Lykke	H: 14 68 89	W: 41 80 80
Religious Adviser	Mike Younger	H: 80 47 42	W: 84 22 23
On Sec	Terje Eriksen	H: 27 61 09	W: 30 13 10
Inter-hash Sec	Wolfgang Gust	H: 49 61 83	W: 83 40 06
Hare Raiser	Einar Olsen	H: 25 04 57	W: 48 50 00
Hash Cash	Paul Otal-Olsen	H: 16 63 12	W: 23 10 80
	Lars-Erik Haug	H: 49 47 25	W: 92 80 00
Hash Horn	Mike Younger	H: 80 47 42	W: 84 22 23
Procure Hare	Marit Bjergen	H: 10 94 22	W: 11 21 05

## HASHERS are notorious for doing eccentric things.

Runs have been set all around the world, in all seasons, climates and under every imaginable condition, to the most unusual places.

The Great Wall in China has been run, as the Blue Mosque in Istanbul, the Taj in India, the Kremlin, Grand Canyon, Ayers Rock, mountain-peaks, lowland shiggy (swamps) and countless other destinations during the tens of thousands of Hash runs by hundreds of Hash Clubs over the past 50 years.

During this, the 50th Anniversary Memorial Year, the Oslo HHH plan the Hash which may just turn out to be the big-daddy of all eccentric hashes. . .

We will. .

## HASH THE QE 2

The Queen Elizabeth 2 is the world's most famous passenger ship and has been targeted as the site of one of the most memorable runs of all time - a VIRGIN FIRST HASH.

The ship has never been witness to Hashers in full flight during its 23 years of world-wide service.

On this occasion, QE2 will be en route between New York and Southampton, 18 - 23 October 1992.

Where else can you set a Hash and jog 50 kms per hour (the speed of the ship) ?

A jam-packed, fun-filled schedule has been planned for the full 5-day crossing, including THE GREAT QE 2 HASH, Down-downs with Davy Jones, Keel-Hauling with Captain Nemo and other related activities.

Prior to sailing on the QE 2, participants will have had the opportunity to spend a couple of nights in the "Big Apple" and Hash with the New York City Hashers.

Just to top it all off, there is even the possibility to run with a London Hash after arrival in England. (See the attached itinerary).

Interested?

Does this seem challenging enough?

(cont.)

# CUNARD

VISTAFJORD · SAGAFJORD · QUEEN ELIZABETH 2 · COUNTESS · PRINCESS  
SEA GODDESS I · SEA GODDESS II

To: Tony Whitson  
From: Peter Tonn  
Date: 25.02.92

RE: OSLO HHH - Potential run

Thanks for your time and advice earlier today over the phone.

Attached please find 3 pages listing our QE 2 Hash concept.

As usual, most Hash ideas come during the on-on session. This cropped up during our sauna get-together following several bottles of aquavit.

We would like to invite as many Hashers from the UK as possible, in order to boost the numbers as well as expose this crazy scheme for what it is - a Virgin Hash. We have been in touch with Copenhagen & Stockholm as well.

Two of our members are presently in NY and they will arrange to runs there, as well as join us onboard.

My question to you involved a central distribution centre where our idea could be sent to all UK HHH or their clubs?

We feel that by planning well enough in advance, some Hashers may decide to take their summer vacation and join this one-off run ( I am sure CUNARD will not allow another Hash after we are through with this).

I also mentioned that one of our members has been in touch with British Airways High Life magazine people who will consider an article about the international aspect of the Hash should this come off.

Would appreciate it if you could discuss this with your cohorts and fax me a line as to your thoughts, additions, deletions, or just plain laughter about this potential run.

If it comes off, looking foward to running with you sometime.

Best regards

On-on, Peter

SKANDINAVISK INFORMASJONSKONTOR

Karlskroketen 1 - N-1300 Sandvika  
Tel: +47 2 54 70 73 - Fax +47 2 54 67 20

EUROPEAN BOOKING CENTRE

Neuer Wall 54 - 2000 Hamburg 55 - Telefon +49 40 - 3 61 20 58 - Telex 212 004 cunac d  
Europ. Seereederei AG - Hamburg - Telex 212 004 000 - Konto-Nr. 3 317 44



Do YOU wish to be the proud wearer of the "I HASHED THE QE 2" T-shirt ?

Read on, consider, and join the elite of the eccentric on QE 2.

### THE GREAT QE 2 HASH 1992

Friday 16 October  
Flight London - New York on BA 175 1100 - 1400 hrs.  
upon arrival - transfer to the Helmsley Hotel on east 42nd street, Manhattan,  
near the UN.  
2 nights reserved.

Saturday 17 Oct.  
Morning at leisure.  
Afternoon : Invitation to run with the New York City Hash.  
Evening : Time to PARTY with the locals.

Sunday 18 Oct.  
Noon : Hangover Hash from the Hotel to QE 2.  
Down-downs on the pier prior to embarkation.  
1500 hrs : QE 2 sails for Southampton.

Monday - Thursday  
At sea. Activities onboard ship.

Friday 23 Oct.  
1400 hrs: QE 2 arrives in Southampton.  
Transfer to London, 2 nights in a hotel, optional.

Saturday 24 Oct.  
Morning at leisure.  
Afternoon : Hash with a London HHH  
Evening : Last chance to develop a hangover.

Sunday 25 Oct.  
Travel home.

The various London Hash Clubs will receive an invitation to join us on the flight to NY, stay at the same hotel and the trip back on QE 2.  
One of these Hash Clubs will host us in London.

The New York City Hash group, and other nearby HHH will also be invited to sail with us on QE 2, overnight in London before they in turn return to the USA on Sunday 25 Oct.

Eccentric??

Never. No HASHER fits that description. . .

So, why not plan to join this select group of sane individuals for what may turn out to be the trip of a lifetime.

It is suggested you set aside one weeks vacation NOW for this October date.

A rate sheet is attached.

Finally, the QE 2, hotels, flights etc are being arranged through CUNARD Norway, and the final cost for this Memorial Anniversary Hash includes up to 40% discount on published fares.

Due to the anticipated demand, the OSLO HHH will have to strictly limit participation to 1800 persons (QE 2 capacity).

(cont.)

For further information, please contact :

Peter Tonn  
CUNARD  
Kjørbokollen 1  
1300 Sandvika  
Norway

ph : +47 2 54 70 73  
Fax : +47 2 54 67 20

Grade on QE 2      Rates in GBP p.p.

#### First class

E	2-bed Out.	2 280.- p.p.
F	2-bed Out.	2 200.- p.p.
G	2-bed Out.	2 115.- p.p.

#### Transatlantic class

J	2-bed Out.	1 310.- p.p.
L	2-bed In.	1 180.- p.p.

Above includes :

- flight London - New York, economy class, on British Airways.
- 2 nights at the Helmsley Hotel, east 42nd street Manhattan.
- baggage, transfer from hotel to QE 2.
- QE 2. 5-day crossing New York to Southampton, plus all meals, shows and entertainment.
- the great QE 2 Hash. Plus the "I hashed the QE 2" T-shirt.
- special Hash entertainment & party onboard.
- port & harbour taxes and NY hotel taxes.
- cancellation insurance.

#### NOT INCLUDED

- meals in New York.
- items of a personal nature on QE 2 such as drinks, tipping, laundry, etc.
- ~~2 nights in London hotel (optional and rates soon).~~

#### SPECIAL OFFER :

For those travelling in First Class on QE 2, E, F or G grade, an upgrade from economy class on BA to CONCORDE for only GBP 100.- p.p. (normal Concorde rate is GBP 1 875.- one-way).  
This offer valid until 31 March only - a saving of 95% on the normal rate.

Wedgwood

Inspired by the murkiness of a  
grotty English autumn

# Harriet

## Coated by hand in pure dried shiggy

Capturing all the bygone elegance of the Neanderthal era and the charm of an Australian barmaid, *Harriet* is a breathtakingly mediocre lady.

Crafted from the designs of Rolf Harris ... inspired by the gloom of a smoky pub ... you can almost feel the flatulence blowing her skirts as she glances back at her fellow SCB. A look of boredom glazes in her eyes. Her flushed cheeks almost matching the bramble scratches on her shins.

Will she pause to retrieve the falling apple? Or will she head straight back to the warmth of the pub?

## Exquisite detail and rich mellow colours

Only the threat of hand-thrown fresh shiggy combined with the finest piss-artistry could bring this entrancing figure to life.

From her mis-shapen hat to the mud-spattered socks at her ankles, *Harriet* has been chased and irritated with infinite care. She has been carefully touched up by hand.

Her dusky pink skirt hides knickers with On On! printed across the buttocks.

## Your guarantee of highest standards

The tradition of incompetence associated with the Hash name stretches back over 50 years. Only when you see and hold *Harriet* in your hands can you truly discover the fine crafting of this piece. As your guarantee of quality, the famous Hash rash is embossed on the base. A Certificate of Authenticity (from the local clinic) accompanies her delivery.

## Only available in fine weather

This unique figure can only be purchased direct. *Harriet* will not be available in wine bars or any classy joints. This fine lady can be yours for just £159 including handling, payable in 5 convenient monthly instalments (or 'sessions').

## Reserve her today without obligation

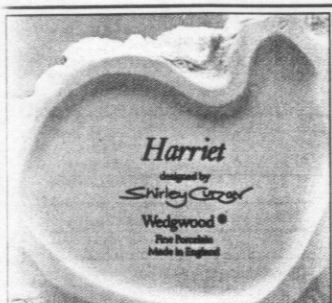
Because each figure is individually bloody-minded, we urge you to reserve *Harriet* immediately. To view her in your home without obligation, just ask. You may return her at any time within 30 days of receipt. Any monies due will NOT be refunded in full.

**ACT NOW.** To avoid disappointment - reserve your lady today!

Shown smaller than actual size of 30-38-42

## THE FOUR SEASONS by Wedgwood

*Harriet* represents **Autumn**. She is the first of an important suite of Wedgwood figurines depicting the Four Seasons. Subscribers to *Harriet* will have the right (but not the obligation) to collect all four in this major new issue.



Each sculpture bears the famous Wedgwood hallmark of excellence.

Wedgwood® is a registered trademark of Wedgwood Limited, Barlaston, Stoke-on-Trent, England.



# RECEDING HARELINES



## UK Events

Apr 25/26 Elgin H3, 'Now we are Eight' Weekend. Contact Steve Gregory 0343 87430 [See Hedgehog for details]  
 May 16/17 West London 333rd Run Weekend. Contact Menstrual 081-968-6730  
 May 23/24 Norfolk 400th Run. Contact 0603 33159  
 May 24/25 Taunton 500th Run Contact Eddie the Turkey (H) 0460 281456 (Application form available from Hedgehog)  
 May 30/31 Bicester H3 18th Birthday Bash  
 Jun 6/7 Bristol 456th Run. Contact Mark Young 0272 521890  
 Jun 13/14 Milton Keynes 101st Dalmatian Run. Jerry (Meatloaf) Mason, 130b Newport Rd, New Bradwell, Milton Keynes, MK13 0AA  
 (Programme and application form available from Hedgehog)

## Coming to a Planet Near You

Mar 13-15 Rome, Italy. 200th Run [See January *On Paper*] Malcolm Brookes (W) 010396 50090320 or (H) 010396 3766997 [See Hedgehog]  
 Mar 27-29 Warsaw Hash. Contact Gigolo 0104822 467009 or 0104822 467130 [See Periodical or Hedgehog for details]  
 Apr 3-5 Brussels Manneke Piss H3, 123rd Run. [See Jane Ackroyd]  
 Apr 10-12 Bonn H3, 350th Run. Bonn H.H.H., PO Box 200 605, 5300 Bonn-Bad Godesberg, Germany. Jim Darwin (H) 0228 331399  
 May 1-3 Assen, Holland. 10th Birthday. Milly Rondel (H) 010 31 5920 45200 (W) 010 31 5920 62087  
 May 1-3 Paris 300th [See February *On Paper*] (see Hooray Henry for details of LH3/WLH3 bus)  
 Jun 5-7 4th German Nash Hash, Berlin [Details in December *On Paper*]  
 Jun 5-7 Pittsburgh 500th Run. Contact Bruiser 0101 412 6651003  
 Jun 27-29 KLH3 Malaysian Pre-Ramble. GMP Committee PO Box 12666, 50728 Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia [See December *On Paper*]  
 Jul 3-5 INTERHASH, Thailand. PO Box 22, Patong Beach, Phuket 83150, Thailand  
 Jul 10-12 Hash Asia, Pattaya, Thailand. PO Box 23, Pattaya, Choburi 20260, Thailand  
 Nov 20-22 Hash Asia Nepal, plus trekking. Contact Harrier International, GPO Box 1670, Bangkok, 10501, Thailand

--1993--

Apr 9-11 West Coast Aussie Nash Hash. PO Box 75, Subiaco, WA 6008, Australia  
 Sep 3-6 Americas Interhash '93, Calgary H3, Canada. Contact Richard the Red (H) 0101-403-2755599 (W) 0101-403-2680117

## London H3

Contact 'Thunderthighs' (Jane Ackroyd) (H) 081 881-4379 or  
 'Nookie' (Jan Couldry) (H) 081-761-5679

Mar 8 Caterham (BR), 11:15am.  
 Mar 14 St Pauls, 4pm  
 Mar 17 St Patricks Day, Highbury & Islington, 7pm  
 Mar 22 Acton Town, 11am  
 Mar 29 Albany Park (BR), 11am  
 Apr 4 Barnes (Boat Race Day), 11am  
 Apr 11 Chingford (BR), 4pm  
 Apr 17 St James Park, 4pm  
 Apr 19 Ruislip Manor, 11am  
 Apr 26 Brixton, 7pm

## City H3

(Hotline 081-749-2646)  
 [From Tube/BR stations on Tuesdays at 7pm unless stated]

## West London H3

Contact 'Prince' Colin Pridham (H) 071-263-8949 or 'Menstrual'  
 Nigel Collins (H) 081-968-6730 (W) 071-486-5544  
 [From Tube/BR stations on Tuesdays at 7pm unless stated]

Mar 12 Hatton Cross (Piccadilly)  
 Mar 19 Gunnersbury (District)  
 Mar 26 Kilburn (Jubilee)

## M.A.S.H. Hash House Harriers

(Contact: Russell (H) 081-316-0659)

Mar 8 Sun 11am Beckenham Junction (BR)  
 Apr 12 Sun 11am Crayford (BR)  
 May 10 Sun 11am Abbey Wood (BR)  
 Jun 14 Sun 11:45 Barrier Arms pub, 10 mins walk from Charlton  
 BR. (A - Z PUB RUN !)

Details correct at time of typing! Send details of events to Andy Millard ('Hedgehog'), 52B Russell Road, SW19 1QL. Not all events have their flyer published, to reduce the photocopying. If you want further info on an event, ask Thunderthighs, Menstrual or myself.

British Rail frequently schedules engineering work at times calculated to cause maximum inconvenience to hashers. Train times on run lists should be treated with suspicion - check for yourself by calling BR (For services from Victoria, Waterloo and Charing Cross the number is 071-928-5100)